

## Sermon Outline.

### OUR NATION'S TROUBLE.

SERMON BY LOUIS S. BAUMAN.

Text. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Psalms xxxiii, 12.

It is a fact proven by the history of every great nation that vast fortunes are dangerous to public welfare. The responsibility resting upon the man of great wealth, is often too great for him to bear, and human nature gives way beneath the burden. Although we have many men of great wealth, who have proven themselves equal to their wealth, who use their capital in such a manner that it becomes a blessing to all, yet the greater majority are apt to do otherwise. In fact, I believe the millionaire of today is fully as dangerous to public welfare, as the baronial lord of feudal ages. Feudalism was that state of things which brought the public to be dependant upon the private, or when political rights depended upon landed rights, and the land was concentrated into the hands of a favored few. And the men who controlled the land were called barons.

Now lay beside that condition of affairs which we call feudalism, the condition of affairs today. Is it not clearly demonstrated, by the present state of affairs—I ask you, is it not true, here in the United States of America, the "land of the free and home of the brave," that the public relations are dependant upon the private relations, that political rights, because of the power of gold, are greatly dependant upon the wealth of our nation, which is beyond a doubt in the hands of the few who control the railroads, the factories, and a vast portion of the land? "You vote this way, or I'll discharge you." "You vote that way and I will give you anything from a dram of liquor to a twenty dollar bill," is too often understood between employer and employee.

These men are called capitalists. Now all the difference is, one is feudalistic, and the other monopolistic,—the difference between the little finger of the right hand and the little finger of the left. What existed one, two, and three centuries ago, exists today under another name. And the same kind of

a mob which surged upon the streets of Paris, murdering and burning in savage glee, crying, "Bread! Bread!" is the kind of a mob that today surges through the streets of Chicago.

There are remote causes to all difficulties. There is something back of wealth causing this disturbance. Surely, in a nation like ours where every citizen is a sovereign, five hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand men with all their wealth ought not to be able to dictate for seventy millions of freemen. Something is wrong, O toilers, when you are brought to want in this land of plenty, where you yourselves have all the law making power. Something is wrong when mothers and children go crying for bread in this land of inexhaustible resources governed of, by, and for the people.

We say the cause of the great strike is oppression. And perhaps to a certain extent it is true. When a miserly Croesus has the power that some of our money kings have, and then uses it in drawing the very life blood from the veins of the laboring masses, he not only deserves the despite of a liberty loving people, but he deserves justice at the hand of the Almighty God. But yet, this is not the real cause of the trouble, I claim. This time it is Pullman, last summer it was Carnegie, summer before, some one else and so on. I firmly believe that the cause of these revolutions each summer among the laboring classes is nothing more or less than ungodliness. No God at our polls, no God in our legislative assemblies, no God in our executive chairs, no God recognized by capital and no God recognized by labor, that is, by the large majority.

What caused the bloody revolution in France? Nothing more or less than pure ungodliness. Infidelity was rife. Everything that was holy in religion and elevating in morality, was made a subject for ridicule. Virtue was trampled under foot by such men as the infidels Voltaire and Rousseau. The Sabbath was abolished and every tenth day was given as a day of rest and social enjoyment. Churches were desecrated, and worship was prohibited. And even the gateways of the cemeteries bore the motto, as if that nation would defy the Everlasting God, "death

is an eternal sleep." The great statesmen urged the doctrine of freedom and human rights, at the same time assaulting the churches and religious institutions of the land. And not until she opened the doors of her churches, did the clouds of war and woe pass from above her. And never until Christianity takes deeper hold on that sister republic will she be secure.

And in this nation which we today call a Christian nation, unless we put more trust in the Supreme Being, we will become as unhappy France. A Christian nation! Have we a right to call this a Christian nation? Let us see. The first words of which we have record as being uttered by white men upon the shores of America, were words of prayer and praise. While most nations trace their origin back to a barbarous people, we trace ours back to a civilized and a Christian people. The state of Maryland was settled by Christians for Christian purposes. Pennsylvania was settled by a persecuted sect of Christians. The Carolinas were settled in the name of God. New York was settled by devout men and women. When miles from shore, the ocean breeze carried the hymns of the Pilgrim fathers to the shores of New England, and the forest took up the song and sent it back with a welcome!

The men who laid the foundation of this nation, who formed the Constitution of the United States, with the exception of one or two, were God-fearing men. "In God we trust," has not been mere sentimentalism with the men who have stood foremost in the ranks of the past. "Behold Patrick Henry rising at the Virginia convention, and as a death-like silence prevails upon that assembly, hear him declare. "And we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us." Look yonder! George Washington upon his knees at Valley Forge, praying to God for aid, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks. He believed God would aid him in a just cause nor was he mistaken. And then again! Abraham Lincoln, the grandest of Americans, calling a friend to his room, where he was weeping almost as a child, said: "Mr. Bateman, I know